

**MCARONI  
BALLADS**



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# **McARONI BALLADS**



*BY THE SAME AUTHOR*

CARMINA  
CANZONI  
MADRIGALI  
SONGS OF WEDLOCK





*Rubicam Road*



# McARONI BALLADS

AND  
OTHER VERSES

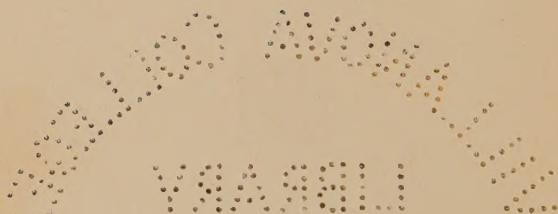
BY  
*James Augustine*  
T. A. DALY 1871-1948

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THE QUINN & BODEN COMPANY  
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DS  
1571  
ANNALS  
1881

To

THE MEMORY OF  
JOYCE KILMER.

3475

## ARGUMENT

*MY title has a foreign look;  
The sort of Latin label  
One might expect upon a book  
Devoted to the table.  
Yet "Macaroni" 's come to be  
A word of many meanings,  
(One Noah Webster, LL.D.,  
Explains its Yankee leanings)  
And some of these, I think, will fit  
The facts and personages  
My puny pipings cause to flit  
Among these printed pages.*

*If, still, you deem my plain intent  
Too delicately subtle,  
I've yet another argument  
To offer in rebuttal:  
Since these my verses scarce may claim  
Much share of fame or boodle,  
But merely aim to laud the name  
Of Mr. Yankee Doodle,  
May I—whose Pegasus, mayhap,  
Like his, is but a pony—  
Not stick a feather in my cap  
And call it*

McARONI?

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# McARONI BALLADS





## FOR GOODNESS' SAK'!

"**F**OR goodness' sak'!" She say to me—  
Dees girl, dees Angela Mari'

Dat soon my wife ees gona be—

"Bayfore I go for leeve weeth you,

You gotta habit, you mus' br'ak;

Dees swearin' talk eet weell not do,

For goodness' sak'!"

"For goodness' sak'! eet's mak' me sad,"

She say, "for hear you speak so bad."

An' I say, "Wal, w'en I am mad,

I feel eef I no swear a few

Dat som'theeng sure ees gotta br'ak;

So w'at da deuce I gona do,

For goodness' sak'?"

"For goodness' sak'!' dat's joosta w'at

You oughta say w'en you are hot!"

She say; "So promise you weell not

Mak' swear words now for seexa week,

Or you can tak' your presents back!

Here's strongest langwadge you must

speak:

'For goodness' sak'!' "

For goodness' sak' I'm tonga-tied,  
So dat she weell be satisfied,  
Dees girl dat gona be my bride;  
But you, you guys dat know me—Wal!  
I hope dat you weell not meestak'  
What I am theenkin' w'en I yal:  
“For goodness' sak'!”

## THE SECOND COMING

(A Lincoln's Birthday fancy, 1917)

CLUTCHING their bosomed wealth, they  
made their cry:

“Oh, that our Lincoln's strong, unbending  
frame

Might loom against this wild, war-crimsoned  
sky!” . . .

And Lincoln came.

He was as when he lived, the quaint and queer  
Rough casket of the living heart of gold.

“And these,” he thought, “save they no  
longer sneer,  
Are as of old.”

But they, with lifted faces all aflame,  
Beheld their hopes new blossoming and  
cried:

“We have no leaders worthy of the name;  
Be thou our guide!”

He bent on them his cryptic smile once more;  
He gave them timely truth in rough-hewn  
jests  
And laid accusing finger on the sore  
In their own breasts.

And all his words Pride's ancient armor found,  
And all his words rebuilt dismantled years,  
For lo! the faces circling him around  
Grew dark with sneers.

## DA FINE ITALIAN HAND

**J**OE GESSAPALENA can't write hees own  
name,  
But he can write othra theengs, justa da same;  
An' mebbe you, too,  
Bayfore he ees through,  
Weell read w'at he's wrote an' be glad dat he  
came.

You see, eet ees verra good theeng for dees  
Joe  
He com' to dees countra so long time ago,  
Bayfore dey baygeen dese new eemigrant laws  
Dat mak' you know readin' an' writin', bay-  
cause  
Da 'Merican story he's makin' to-day  
Ees justa wrote down een a deefferent way.  
Eh? Pleassa, my frand, I'll esplain, eef you  
wait!  
You evva been up een Conne'tica State  
An' see dose ole farms dat's so full weetha  
stone



Dat mos' evra farmer ees leavin' alone,  
Baycause dey ain't fit for nobody to own?  
Wal, Joe he ees buy wan o' dem lasta year  
An' now he ees doin' som' writin' up dere;  
An' even hees firsta year's work was so  
good

He sure ees da talk for da whole neighbor-  
hood!

You no ondrastand? O! my frand, you are  
slow!

Wal, he weell esplain eet. So speaka dees  
Joe:

"I write weeth no pen, but I taka my hoe  
An' I use eet so wal weeth my stronga right  
han'

Dat I write, een Italian, all over dees lan'  
All da treecks I have learned, all da theengs  
dat I know

Dat weell charma da plants an' jus' maka dem  
grow!

But—O! here now ees com' da mos' wondra-  
ful theeng!—

Dough I write on my fields een Italian een  
spreeng,

You can read, een da summer, all over my lan'

Soocha message da harvest speaks, plain  
    'Merican,  
Even dose dat mak' laws mebbe might ondra-  
    stan'!"

Joe Gessapalena can't write hees own name,  
But he can write othra theengs, justa da same;  
    An' mebbe you, too,  
    Bayfore he ees through,  
Weell read w'at he's wrote an' be glad dat he  
    came.

## FLAG O' MY LAND

UP to the breeze of the morning I fling  
you,

Blending your folds with the dawn in the  
sky;

There let the people behold you, and bring  
you

Love and devotion that never shall die.

Proudly, agaze at your glory, I stand,

Flag o' my land! flag o' my land!

Standard most glorious! banner of beauty!

Whither you beckon me there will I go,

Only to you, after God, is my duty;

Unto no other allegiance I owe.

Heart of me, soul of me, yours to com-  
mand,

Flag o' my land! flag o' my land!

Pine to palmetto and ocean to ocean,

Though of strange nations we get our in-  
crease,

Here are your worshipers one in devotion,

Whether the bugles blow battle or peace.

Take us and make us your patriot band,  
Flag o' my land! flag o' my land!

Now to the breeze of the morning I give you  
Ah! but the days when the staff will be bare!  
Teach us to see you and love you and live you  
When the light fades and your folds are not  
there.

Dwell in the hearts that are yours to  
command,  
Flag o' my land! flag o' my land!

## DA FLUTE EEN SPREENG

**D**ERE was a time w'en I could shoot  
Profess' Agrandinello,  
For dat he played upon da flute  
All nighta long hees "toot! toot! toot!"  
An' made a seeckness een my head  
W'en I was layin' een my bed.  
O! manny, manny time I swore  
W'en he was livin' nexta door—  
Dat crazy music-fallow!

Wan day een March, wan happy day,  
Profess' Agrandinello  
He took hees theengs an' moved away  
Where I no more could hear heem play.  
Ah! den da nights was full with sleep,  
So beautiful, so long an' deep!  
An' I was glad dat nevva more  
I gona hear heem nexta door—  
Dat crazy music-fallow!



But, ah! my frand, I deed not feel  
How mooch, how mooch I meesed heem,  
How dear hees music was, onteell  
Las' night beside my weendow-seell,  
From som'where far off down da street,  
I heard hees flute so soft an' sweet!  
O! my, eet made my heart so glad  
Dat was so lonely an' so sad  
I justa coulda keesed heem!

## ON A MARCH MORNING

**T**HERE'S a tulip in this air  
Last night never knew;  
Strange, faint perfume's everywhere.  
'Round the dawn's gates, too,  
Cloudy curtains stir, and lo!  
Rosy-flushed are they,  
Trembling with the joy to know  
God has passed this way.

## MARCHA-MONTH

**H**ERE ees com' da time of year  
Best of all!

Lika trumpet een my ear  
Ees eets call.

Lika trumpet far away  
First I hear eet yestaday

W'en a weend dat's sailed da sea  
Com' along dees street to me  
And eet touch my hair an' say:  
"I am here!"

Now ees com' da time of year  
I should seeng;

Far Italian scenes so near  
Eet can breeng.

Home, een March-month, I could go  
Where ees steell da mountain snow  
Findin' on da sunny side  
Of som' feeg-tree, where dey hide,  
Violets dat cry: "Hallo!  
We are here!"

Here ees com' dat time of year;

But no note

Of da song dat once was dear

Feells my throat.

Ah! eef only now, to-day,

She dat's verra far away—

Farther dan Italian shore—

Comin' weeth da Spreeng once more,

Joost could touch my hand an' say:

“I am here!”

*A TITANIC MOTHER*

O CH! 'tis come again, April, the same fine  
air

Breathin' in from the sea—

An' the lad inunder it still, somewhere,

That was born o' me—

Let them wag their heads, for 'tis little I care

What they do be sayin', that think me quare—

An' why wouldn't I be?

O! my grief that my flesh that was his flesh,  
too,

Should withhold me from him!

But I know what my soul, when it's free, will  
do.

It will dive an' swim

To the cold sea-caves where I'll find my  
Hugh—

Where the quality lies all one with the crew—

And I'll comfort him.

Sure, I'd know him twenty times twelve  
months dead,

For he's bone o' my bone—

An' what way would my soul be comforted

In God's heaven alone?—

He will lie with his right arm under his head,

But there's never another could find his bed

But his mother—his own.

An' why wouldn't I hear him call from the  
deep

On this April morn?

Sure, I've felt his call, and myself asleep

An' himself unborn!

An' they do be sayin' that quare things creep

From the depths o' the sea when the spring

tides leap

Of an April morn.

## ✓ SO GLAD FOR SPREENG

E EF som'body com' to-day  
To dees fruita-stan' an' say:  
"Wa't? Banana two for fi'  
Seems to me dat's verra high!"  
I would look up een da sky  
Where da sun ees shine so bright,  
An' da clouds so sof' an' white  
Sail like boats I use' to see  
Een da bay at Napoli;  
An' so softa theeng I am,  
I would notta care a dam  
Eef da customer should be  
Sly enough for taka three!  
Eef like dat you com' to-day  
Mebbe so I justa say:  
    "See da Tony McAroni!  
    He ees verra lazy thing,  
    W'at da deuce he care for money?  
    Here ees com' da spreeng!"

Eef to-day I had a wife  
An' she say: "My love! my life!"

I mus' have fi'-dollar note  
For da new spreeng hat an' coat,"  
Theenk I gona grab her throat,  
Bang her head agains' da wall?  
Eh! To-day? Oh, not at all!  
She would look so pretta dere  
Weeth da sunshine on her hair,  
I would look at her, an' den  
I would tal her: "Taka ten!"  
Eef I had a wife to-day  
I am sure dat I would say:  
    "All right, Mrs. McAroni,  
        I am verra softa theeng.  
W'at de deuce I care for money?  
    Here ees com' da spreeng!"



## GOOD FRIDAY—1917

THE die is cast for war!  
So be it then!  
And in the deep heart's core  
Of earnest men  
An augury of good  
For human brotherhood  
Through spilth of guiltless blood  
Is born again.

With honor, scorning loss,  
Or blame or praise,  
The nation lifts its cross  
This day of days;  
And under war-lit skies,  
Unto His patient eyes  
It dares, all reverent-wise,  
Its own to raise.

The storm-wrack blots the sun.  
So be it then!  
For God, when all is done,  
Shall reign again.

From all that horror dreamed,  
From good that evil seemed  
Shall rise a world redeemed!  
Amen! Amen!

## APRIL

HERE comes April! filmy-fair,  
Green of cap and kirtle,  
Silver dew-drops in her hair  
And a sprig of myrtle.

Here comes April up the land,  
Irish as Killarney,  
Subject to no man's command,  
Proof against his blarney.

Smiles or tears she wears at will;  
Often she's "desateful,"  
But what gifts she's pleased to spill  
Take them and be grateful!

No directing mortal hands  
Touch this quaint equation;  
She is Irish, and demands  
Self-determination.

## RAVIOLI

SIGNOR DEL VECCHIO, dees ees for  
you,

Also your partner, Signor Magazzu.

Nevva bayfore have I soocha dalight,  
Nevva sooch fina good eatin' has been  
Stucka so playnta eensida my skeen

Like een your restaurant Saturday night!

Dere was som' seelly old Irishman dere,

Fat an' so beeg lika frog een hees chair,  
Stuffin' hees stummick weeth soup an' weeth  
bread,

Teell you gon' theenk he would bust an' be  
dead.

No, but he don't; he ees steell on da job,  
Eatin' da feesh an' da—how-you-call?—  
“squab.”

Porco! Dat's only kind food he can see;  
Geeve heem hees skeenaful—so, lat heem  
be—

But, “Ravioli”! Ah! dat's for me!

Paste for da noodle rolled out teell eet's  
theen,

Fine tendra cheecken cut up to put een;

Put dem togethra—so, presto!—an' mak'

Beautiful, reech leetla cracker or cak'.

Den you weell cook for da sauce upon dese

Mushroom, tomat' an' da fine Roma cheese.

Breeng dem to table so hot as can be;

Breeng dem more playnta, more playnta!

Oh, gee!

Dat's " Ravioli " an' dats'a for me!

Signor del Vecchio, healtha for you!

Also your partner, Signor Magazzu.

Nevva bayfore have I soocha dalight,

Nevva sooch beautiful eatin' has been

Stucka so playnta eensida my skeen

Like een your restaurant Saturday night!

## THE CONSTANT POET

ONCE more, my muse, 'tis time to be in-  
voking

The offices of good St. Valentine.

This year 'tis Phyllis' name that I am yoking  
In verse with mine.

Last year it was a ballad to Miranda,

The year before a triolet to Dot.

No doubt I seem a fickle goose—or gander—  
But I am not.

I hesitate to contemplate the number

Of female names I've fashioned to my  
rhyme,

Whene'er I rouse my weary muse from  
slumber

About this time.

I've breathed my love for Dolly, Grace and  
Cora;

In other years I've run to Nell and Belle.

How many times I've yearned for Bess and  
Dora

I cannot tell.

Now in the charms of Phyllis I am basking,  
And all the love I bear her must be told.  
For if it's not, my Mary will be asking  
If I've grown cold.

The secret's out! The name's imaginary;  
I never knew a "Phyllis" in my life.  
All names are merely pseudonyms for  
"Mary,"  
And she's my wife.

## G. SCALABRARTA, FINANCIER

GIUSEPPE SCALABRART'  
G He's gotta huckster-cart  
Dat he ees push aroun'  
Da streets een deesa town,  
Wherevra dere's enough  
To buy hees fruit an' stuff.  
But wan day een hees cart  
Dees fallow Scalabrart'  
Ees carry, for a change,  
A load dat's verra strange.

Here ees da way of eet:  
Dere's lady een wan street  
Dat owe heem seexty cent,  
An' act so like she meant  
She nevva gona pay;  
An' she's gon' move away,  
For on da house wan day  
He see a sign dat say:  
"Dees Property For Sell."  
Giuseppe reeng da bell,



An' w'en she com' he say:  
" My seexty cent; you pay  
Eef mebbe so I find  
Som'body dat'sa mind  
For buy da house from you? "  
She laugh an', " Eef you do,"  
She say, " an' I can gat  
My price—four thousan' flat—  
I pay your beell on sight."  
Giuseppe say: " All right."

Eet's nexta morna w'en  
He reeng da bell agen;  
Da lady com' an' say:  
" I want no fruit to-day."  
But he say: " Waita, pleass!  
Dese fruits no grow on trees;  
Com', lady, looka dese! "  
Den een hees cart he shows—  
Now, w'at you gon' su'pose?—  
Een undra pile of rags  
Ees old teen cans an' bags,  
An' dere ees som' of dese  
Dat's full weeth ten-cent piece;

An' some weeth neeckels, too,  
An' pennies; an' a few  
Weeth feefty, twanty-fi',  
An' som' got notes so high  
As fi', ten-dollar beell!  
He say: "Now, eef you weell,  
Pleas', lady, be so kind  
To count all dese, you'll find  
Four thousan' dollar here—  
No, notta quite, but near—  
You see, I hate like hal  
For losin' w'at you owe,  
Dat seexty cent, you know,  
And so I theenk eet wal  
For buy da house mysal'."

## BALLADE OF THE TEMPTING BOOK

SOMETIMES when I sit down at night  
And try to think of something new,  
Some odd conceit that I may write  
And work into a verse or two,  
There often dawns upon my view,  
The while my feeble thoughts I nurse,  
A little book in gold and blue—  
“The Oxford Book of English Verse.”

And though I try, in wild affright  
At thought of all I have to do,  
To keep that volume out of sight,  
If I so much as look askew  
I catch it playing peek-a-boo.  
Then work may go to—pot, or worse!  
I'm giving up the evening to  
“The Oxford Book of English Verse.”

O! some for essays recondite,  
And some for frothy fiction sue,  
But give to me for my delight  
One tuneful tome to ramble through;

To hear the first quaint "Sing Cuccu!"  
And all those noble songs rehearse  
Whose deathless melodies imbue  
"The Oxford Book of English Verse."

*L'Envoi*

Kind Reader, here's a tip for you:  
Go buy, though skinny be your purse  
And other books of yours be few,  
"The Oxford Book of English Verse."

## DA WHEESTLIN' BARBER

LAS' night you hear da op'ra?  
Eef you was uppa stair  
An' eef you know Moralli  
You mebbe saw heem dere.  
Moralli? He's a barber,  
But verra bright an' smart,  
An' crazy for da op'ra;  
He knows dem all by heart.  
He's alla tima wheestlin',  
An' often you can find  
Jus' from da tune he wheestles  
W'at thoughts ees een hees mind.  
Eef you would ask a question,  
Da answer you would gat  
Ees notheeng but som' music—  
Ha! w'at you theenk of dat?

Las' week hees wife, Lucia—  
Fine woman, too, is she—  
She gave to heem som' babies,  
Not only wan, but three!

Eef to your shop som' neighbors  
Should breeng sooch news to you  
Eet sure would jus' excite you  
To say a word or two;  
But deesa Joe Moralli,  
Dees music-crazy loon,  
He never stopped hees wheestlin'—  
But justa changed hees tune.  
Dees answer from hees music  
Was all dat dey could gat:  
"Trio from 'Trovatore.'"  
Ha! w'at you theenk of dat?

He nevva stopped hees wheestlin'  
Dat "Trovatore" tune,  
Not even w'en he's dreengin'  
Weeth frands een da saloon.  
He wheestled eet dat evenin'  
W'en home he went to see  
Hees granda wife, Lucia,  
An' leetla babies three.  
But w'en he stood bayfore dem  
He was so full weeth dreenk,  
He looked upon dose babies  
An' wheestle—W'at you theenk?

O! den da tune he wheestled

Was—how-you-call-eet?—"pat:"

"Sextetta from Lucia."

Ha! w'at you theenk of dat?

## A LITTLE KERRY SONG

THERE'S grand big girls that walks  
the earth,

An' some that's gone to glory,  
That have been praised beyond their  
worth

To live in song and story.  
O! one may have the classic face  
That poets love to honor,  
An' still another wear the grace  
O' Venus' self upon her;  
Some tall an' stately queens may be,  
An' some be big an' merry—  
Och! take them all, but leave for me  
One little girl from Kerry!

Sure, Kerry is a little place,  
An' everything's in keepin':  
The biggest heroes of the race  
In little graves are sleepin';  
An' little cows give little crame,  
Fur little fairies take it;  
An' little girls think little shame  
To take a heart an' break it.



Och! here's a little Kerry lad  
That would be O! so merry,  
If but your little heart he had,  
O! little girl from Kerry!

## DA VERRA LEETLA BABY

**I**RISH Padre Tommeeckbride  
Laughed an' laughed onteell he cried.  
Always he ees do dat way  
At mos' evra theeng I say.  
Ees no matter w'at I spoke,  
He would tak' eet for a joke;  
Eet's a shame to tease a man  
W'en he do da best he can!

Now, for eenstance, yestaday  
Dere's a chrees'nin' down our way;  
Eet's a baby call' "Carlott'"  
Dat my cousin Rosa's got.  
O! so small, jus' two weeks old—  
Een wan handa you could hold!  
Wal, I am da wan dat stand  
For dees leetla child, my frand—  
How you call een deesa land?  
"Godd-father?" Yes, dat's me!  
Wal, w'en all ees done, you see,  
An' da child ees bapatzize',  
Padre Tommeeckbride, he cries:

“Evrabody com’ dees way.  
We must write eet down,” he say.

While he’s writin’ een da book,  
From my pocket here I took  
Twenta-fi’-cent piece, my frand,  
An’ I put eet een hees hand.  
“Thanks!” he say, an’ smiles at me.  
Den Bianca Baldi, she—  
While da padre looks at eet—  
Wheespers: “Dat’s a leetle beet!”  
“Sure,” I tal her, “dat’sa true,  
But da baby’s leetla, too.”

Irish Padre Tommeckbride  
Laughed an’ laughed onteell he cried.  
Always he ees do dat way  
At mos’ evratheeng I say;  
Eet’s a shame to tease a man  
W’en he do da best he can!

## A VALENTINE

THERE was a time, when we were young  
together

And all the thorns of life were yet to seek,  
This day brought roses, in the wintriest  
weather,  
To burn your cheek.

Oh, not alone the wanton winds that sought  
you

Were wont your lilies to incarnadine;  
Your roses deepened when the postman  
brought you  
My valentine.

The words I wrote, my still fond breast re-  
members,

Were leaping tongues from out a heart of  
fire;  
They breathed, nor have they lost in graying  
embers  
Young love's desire!

But now, my dear, this fervent song I sing  
you

Has holier designs on heaven's wealth;  
I pray this little valentine may bring you  
The rose of health.

## LEETLA GIUSEPPINA

**J**OE BARATTA'S Giuseppina  
She's so cute as she can be;  
Justa com' here from Messina,  
Weeth da resta family.  
Joe had money in da banka—  
He been savin' for a year—  
An' he breeng hees wife, Bianca,  
An' da three small children here.  
First ees baby, Catarina,  
Nexta Paolo (w'at you call  
Een da Inglaice langwadge "Paul"),  
An' da smartest wan of all—  
Giuseppina!

Giuseppina justa seven,  
But so smart as she can be;  
Wida-wake at night-time even,  
Dere's so mooch dat's strange to see.  
W'at you theenk ees mos' surprise her?  
No; ees not da buildin's tall;  
Eef, my frand, you would be wisa  
You mus' theenk of som'theeng small.

Eet's an ant! W'en first she seena  
Wan o' dem upon da ground,  
How she laughed an' danced around:  
"O! 'Formica,' he has found  
Giuseppina!"

"O!" she cried to heem, "Formica."  
(Dat's Italian name for heem),  
"How you gatta here so queecka?  
For I know you no can sweem;  
An' you was not on da sheepa,  
For I deed not see you dere.  
How you evva mak' da treepa?  
Only birds can fly een air.  
How you gat here from Messina?  
O! at las' I ondrastand!  
You have dugga through da land  
Jus' to find your leetla frand,  
Giuseppina!"

## BALLADE OF THE STRANGE WORD

(See Webster's Unabridged)

THESE warm spring days  
When skies are blue  
I yearn for ways  
My youth once knew;  
When cares were few  
And never great,  
I'd nothing do  
But "apricate."

To-day my gaze  
Meandering through  
What Webster says—  
How language grew!—  
Chance brought to view  
That word ornate.  
Don't "fuss" or "stew,"  
But "apricate."

Small good life pays  
To me or you,  
When worry sways  
The health askew.



To reimbue  
With "pep" our state,  
We shouldn't "rue,"  
But "apricate."

*L'Envoi*

Ye gods! we sue,  
From morn till late:  
Let's nothing do  
But "apricate."

## CHERRY PIE

O CHERRY pie! A song for thee!  
Let not the crusts close-wedded be,  
But puffed and flaky, plumped with meat,  
And all the red heart dripping sweet  
With luscious oozings syrupy.

Ah! that's the cherry pie for me!  
I'll want two "helpin's;" maybe three—  
Who ever got enough to eat  
O' cherry pie?

What odds if in our dreams we see  
Nightmares and goblins? We'll agree,  
Though Pain usurp Joy's earlier seat,  
No collywobs can quite defeat  
The gustatory pleasures we  
Owe cherry pie.

## EEN COURT

I WAS een court wan day las' week,  
An' eet was strange to me.  
I like eet not; steell, I would speak  
Of som'theeng dere I see.  
To you, dat know da court so wal,  
I s'pose eet's notheeng new,  
But you are kind, so lat me tal  
Dees leetla theeng to you:

Da "Judge"—I theenk dey call heem so—  
Da bossa for da place,  
He's fine, beeg, han'som' man, an' O!  
Sooch kindness een da face.  
Wal, soon dey breeng a pris'ner dere,  
A leetla boy; so small  
Dat teell dey stand heem on a chair  
I did not see at all!  
Poor leetla keed, I s'pose he might  
Be tan year old or less;  
I nevva see sooch sorry sight,  
Sooch peecture of deestress.

“Dees ees a verra badda child,”  
Ees say da bigga cop  
Dat hold hees arm; “he’s runna wild,  
An’ so I tak’ heem up.”  
You theenk so smalla keed like dat  
Would cry, for be so scare’;  
But no, he tweest hees ragged hat  
An’ justa nevva care.  
Den speaks da Judge, an’ O! so sweet,  
Like music ees hees voice.  
He tals heem how da ceety street  
Ees notta place for boys.  
At first da boy looks roun’ da place,  
So like he nevva heard,  
But soon he watch da Judge’s face  
An’ dreinks een evra word.  
“My child, would you not like to go  
Where dere ees always food,  
A gooda home, where you may grow  
For be da man you should?”  
Da boy mak’s swallers een hees throat  
As eef he try to speak,  
But no wan near could hear a note,  
Hees voice eet was so weak.

“ Eh? W’at was dat? ” da Judge he said.

“ W’at deed you say, my dear? ”

An’ den he leaned hees han’som’ head

Down close to heem to hear.

I s’pose da boy’s so strange, so wild,

He deed not ondrastand;

He only knew dat Judge so mild

Was sure to be hees frand.

An’ so hees skeenny arms reached out—

He deed not try to speak—

But, leeftin’ up hees leetla mout’

He keessed heem on da cheek!

O! hal, my frand, don’t be ashame’

For w’at ees een your eye!

Weeth me, weeth all, eet was da same,

We could not halp but cry;

Not tears for dat we was so sad,

But for da joy to find

A leetla boy dat was so glad,

A man dat was so kind!

## THE MARINE

**I**N assorted shades of green  
You have painted The Marine,  
And a deal of yarns about him you've been spinning;  
He has much to say to you  
Of his red and white and blue,  
So he'd like to have your ear and take his inning:

*"Back of Freedom's earliest glimmer,  
When the night was never dimmer,  
And before the light of hope upon the mountain  
top was shed,  
There were men whose steel flashed splendid  
When the long black night was ended  
And the sun looked in upon them 'round the Na-  
tion's trundle bed;  
And in that electric air,  
With the laurel in our hair,  
We Colonial Marines, of the victor forces deans,  
We were there!*

*When the ships of Jones and Barry  
Sallied gayly forth to herry*

*And to take the proudest vaunters of the British  
navy's might,  
When that most belov'd commander  
To the foe's demand "Surrender!"  
Made his lion-hearted answer, "We have 'just  
begun to fight!"  
Who were first and most to dare  
In the battle lantern's glare?  
We, as landsmen or as tars, still the myrmidons  
of Mars,  
We were there!*

*In those sailing ships of wonder,  
When, with taffrail seething under,  
From the gun-decks came the thunder of a broad-  
side dealing woe;  
And with Perry, Hull—and later—  
With the dashing young Decatur,  
In the war wherein no waters saw our yielding  
to the foe,  
We were not denied our share  
Of the battle joy so rare;  
For the easing of our spleens, we amphibious  
Marines,  
We were there!*

*Out of iron ships were hollowed  
In the leaping years that followed,  
And they've changed the style of fighting, but  
they haven't changed the men;  
Shall we, first of Yankee yeomen  
To repel those ancient foemen,  
Let an ocean stay our vengeance, if it failed to  
stay it then?  
Nay, in France the ever fair  
When Old Glory takes the air,  
The ubiquitous Marine, as becomes the fighting  
dean,  
Will be there!"*

June, 1917



## DA JOB DAT RAN AWAY

**N**OT evra Dagoman like me  
Can find hees place een deesa lan'.  
Som', sure, must disappointa be;  
But worst of all you evva see  
Ees Vinci, da Venetian.

You see, dees Vinci had a frand  
Dat com' las' year to deesa land  
An' gotta job out West, you know,  
Dat suit heem verra wal; an' so  
He sant hees folks back home wan day  
A peecture posta-card dat say:  
"Here's work for all, an' gooda pay!"  
"Ah!" cries dees Vinci, w'en he see  
Da posta-card, "dat's place for me."  
An' just so queeck as eet could be  
He tooka sheep an' cross da sea.  
He deed not stop, he would not rest  
Onteell he's een dat town out West.  
But den—Oh, my, eet mak' you seeck  
To hear da badda words he speak.

“Dat damma posta-card!” he cry,  
“Eet was a lie! eet was a lie!  
I nevva see a town so dry!”  
Oh, sure, eet was a shame, my frand.  
Eh? w’at? Oh, don’t you ondrastand?  
Dat peecture-card hees frand ees sand  
Was wan dat showed da town w’en eet  
Had playnta water een da street,  
W’en floods was heavy lasta year—  
Yes! Vinci ees a gondolier.

Not evra Dagoman like me  
Can find hees place een deesa lan’.  
Som’, sure, must disappointa be;  
But worst of all you evva see  
Ees Vinci, da Venetian.

“THE MAN AT THE TURNPIKE BAR”

I WAS fifty-odd year on the Lancaster Pike,  
Takin' the toll, takin' the toll;  
But it's never again I'll be doin' the like,  
Since we've lost the conthrol, lost the con-  
throl.

An' it's manny a thraveler usin' the road  
Will be glad o' their freedom; ye'd know  
be their laughter now.  
But for all they're so free here's one heart  
wears a load,  
Wid no wish to go on, but to sit an' look  
afther now.

Oh, the wonders o' Beauty I caught wid me  
eye,  
Takin' the toll, takin' the toll!  
For to stand like a king, wid the world  
sthreamin' by,  
Is a feast for the soul, food for the soul.

For there wasn't a day that I stood in that  
place

But was blessed wid the grace of some  
dacin't girl's laughter, now,  
Or the turn of a head or the gleam of a face,  
That I'll often an' often be glad to look  
afther now!

Never again will I stand, d'ye mind,  
Takin' the toll, takin' the toll;  
Ah! but the Beauty I've seen is still kind,  
An' it's food for my soul, food for my soul.  
Pick the two eyes from my head, if you will,  
Faith, ye can't rob me o' fifty years' laugh-  
ter, now;  
No! nor of takin' my toll from them still,  
All the dear roads that I sit an' look afther,  
now!

## AT A HALL-ROOM WINDOW

SHE lives in the Square below me there.  
Ah! me, if she'd only love me.  
But she walks abroad with her head in the  
air

Supremely oblivious of me.  
Time was when the Square was queenly, too,  
Ere Commerce, changing old orders,  
Found a foothold here for the parvenu,  
For shops, for us bachelor boarders.  
The house of her fathers, square and brown,  
Grand manse of the olden city,  
Seems looking down on the tawdry town  
With a mixture of scorn and pity.  
This look of her house, austere, aloof,  
Rests now on her high-bred features,  
When she issues forth from beneath her roof  
To walk among meaner creatures.  
I sit at my window under the eaves  
And yearn to be there beside her,  
But a gulf between like the ocean heaves,  
For never a gulf was wider.

She lives in the Square below me there—

Ah! me, if she'd only love me!

She lives in the Square below me there,

But moves in a circle above me.

## TWO DAYS

OLD Mike Clancy went for a stroll,  
An' warm an' clear was the sky,  
But he came back home with clouds on his  
soul  
An' a glint o' rain in his eye.

“Och! cold it is out there,” sez he;  
“The street’s no place these days fur me;  
Wid motors runnin’ through the town  
The way they’re like to knock ye down,  
Wid all the rush an’ moidherin’ noise,  
The impudence of upstart boys.  
An’ girls, that walk as bold as brass,  
An’ l’ave small room fur ye to pass.  
In twenty blocks, or mebbe more,  
I saw no face I’d seen before,  
Or care, indeed, to see agen!  
W’at’s come of all the dacent men,  
The kindly friends, I use’ to meet  
In other days upon the street?  
'Tis here at home’s the place fur me;  
Och! cold it is out there,” sez he.

Old Mike Clancy went for a stroll,  
An' cold an' gray was the sky,  
But he came back home with warmth in  
his soul  
An' a glint o' sun in his eye.

"O! sure, this day was fine," sez he,  
"An' who d'ye think walked up to me?  
A man I thought long dead—Tim Kane!  
Och! didn't we talk, there in the rain,  
The soft, kind rain we use' to know—  
O! not so very long ago—  
An' didn't we have a dale to say?  
He's eighty-two years old come May—  
An' I'm no more than sivinty-nine!  
An' didn't he stan' there straight an' fine?  
It done me good, the look in his eye,  
An' how he laughed an' slapped his thigh;  
'I'm good,' sez he, 'fur ten years, too!'  
An' faith I do believe it's true.  
A man's as old as he feels, d'ye see?—  
O! sure, this day was fine," sez he.



## DA FARMER

**I** DON'TA care eef all dees town  
Turn upsi' down,  
An' earth-quake com' along som' day  
An' bust eet up. I gona 'way;  
I won't be dere!  
At last I gona turn my face  
From evratheeng een deesa place.  
I don'ta care.

I don'ta care for town nohow;  
I'm farmer now!  
I gotta house dat stan's alone,  
Three leetla rooms—but all my own—  
Wan bed, two chair,  
Wan stove, two table an' wan wife.  
So for dees town, you bat my life,  
I don'ta care!

I don'ta care for ceety street;  
Eet smals not sweet.

But now I know how mooch eet's worth  
To own som' leetla cleana earth,  
    To own som' air  
Dat's sweet as wine upon da breath—  
Here even eef I starve to death,  
    I don'ta care!

## TO A LITTLE GIRL OF FIVE

I WISH your eyes might always look  
As big with love as now they seem.  
It cannot be! Your picture-book,  
Whose leaves we turned together, took  
Away my dream.

It was the old man on that page  
Who bore the hour-glass and scythe.  
That rude reminder of old age!  
With what a rush of inward rage  
He made me writhe!

He stirred you, too, to frown and say:  
"The ugly thing! And who is he?"  
"That man, my dear," I said, "some day  
Is going to come and steal away  
Your heart from me."

"Oh, no!" you said. But it is true;  
Unless in some way we contrive  
To fill that old man's path with glue  
And keep me forty-eight, and you  
Forever five!

## THE SEA-EAGLES OF COLUMBIA

Behind him lay the gray Azores;  
Behind the Gates of Hercules;  
Before him not the ghost of shores,  
Before him only shoreless seas.  
—From Joaquin Miller's "*Columbus*."

COLUMBIA'S eagles of the sea  
Arose and took the trackless main;  
They were the first, and they were three—  
As were the caravels of Spain.  
Before them lay the gray Azores,  
Before them night, nor glint of dawn,  
But through the gloom that veiled those  
shores  
They still sailed on, and on, and on!

The spirit of the Genoese,  
Be sure, was burning in each breast  
In flight across those chartless seas  
Where first his galleons braved the west.  
From out that west now grown so great  
His eagles winged into the dawn,  
And, matching his disdain of fate,  
With courage high, sailed on and on!

What joy, what thrill was theirs, to be  
The first through that vast void to fly,  
And, poised above the central sea,  
Meet morning coming up the sky!  
Still toward the sun those eagles flew;  
Two, faltering in the fog, were gone!  
But one, through mists and rifts of blue,  
With dauntless faith sailed on and on.

A speck on ocean's rim appears!  
It grows! It glistens in the sun.  
The happy eagle swoops and veers  
Along the shore. The goal is won!

. . . . .  
O great and valiant Genoese!  
Thy sons inherit thee! 'Tis done!  
They, too, across thy trackless seas  
Have borne thy slogan: "Sail! sail on!"

## DA QUEENA BEE

**M**EESTER, eef you nevva see  
Housa full weeth busy bee,  
Leetla workers an' deir queen,  
I would like for takin' you  
Where I eentroduce you to  
Giacobini's Pasqualin'.

She ees weedow, Pasqualin';  
W'en dees fallow Giacobin'  
Dies an' leaves her lasta fall,  
He ain't leave mooch else at all;  
Justa leetla baker-store  
An' seex babies—notheeng more!  
All are girls, dese babies, too;  
W'at da deuce she gona do?

Wait, my frand, an' you weell know,  
An' I bat you you could go  
Manny mile bayfore you see  
Soocha house for eendustry.  
W'en her husband up an' die  
She ain't got no time to cry;

She must work an' nevva stop.  
Dere's da babies, dere's da shop,  
An' da house dey're leevin' een;  
She mus' keep dem fine an' clean—  
An' da babies happy, too.  
W'at da deuce she gona do?  
Som' day I weell show to you;  
Som' day you mus' go an' see  
How dey play at "Busy Bee."

Com', su'pose eet ees da day  
W'en at cleanin' house dey play:  
Evra leetla girl weell stan'  
Weeth her leetla brush een han',  
Leetla bucket, leetla broom,  
For to scrub an' sweep da room.  
Den weell say dees Pasqualin':  
"Leetla bees, I am your queen,  
W'en I geeve da word baygeen;  
Work an' seeng an' follow me,  
Work an' seeng an' lat me see  
Who can be da besta bee!"

Den dey laugh an' seeng an' go  
Makin' joy weeth labor so

Eet ees done bayfore dey know.  
So een all theengs, day by day,  
Makin' work so lika play,  
Pasqualina found da way!

Com', den, som' day we weell go,  
An' you weell be proud to know  
    Giacobini's Pasqualin';  
An' dose leetla busy bee  
W'en dey grow up, you weell see,  
    Evra wan hersal' a queen!



## WHAT THE FARMER SAW

JOHN D.

Rockefeller, he  
Seemed as pleased as pleased could be.  
Seen him stop, stoop down an' pass  
Long lean fingers through the grass,  
Pull 'em out an' smile a smile  
Slick as his own Standard Ile;  
Them long fingers seemed to hold  
Somethin' precious, mebbe gold—

Anyways,

John D.

Rockefeller, he  
Seemed as pleased as pleased could be.

Seen him shake his head an' stand  
With the treasure in his hand,  
Gloatin' on it, figgerin' out  
What his find was worth, no doubt,  
Turnin' of it 'round an' 'round—  
Must 'a' been a pearl he'd found—

Anyways,

John D.

Rockefeller, he

Seemed as pleased as pleased could be.

Snuck up closer, as I passed;

Seen jist what it was at last

That had tickled of him so;

Looked an' seen it plain, but sho!

Blamed thing wusn't much at all—

Nothin' but a golf-game ball!

An' yit

John D.

Rockefeller, he

Seemed as pleased as pleased could be.

## THE SIX-O'CLOCK RUSH

C O M E on! the day's work's done;  
Wash up, and off we go!  
Say, wait a bit, don't run;  
No need to hurry so!  
Boats, subways, trolleys, trains,  
There's lots of them, you know—  
But what about those stains?  
Wash up before you go!

Get rid of labor's grime;  
Wash up before you go!  
Soap, and a little time,  
Make hands as white as snow.  
Come, make the soapsuds foam!  
Remember what you owe  
To those who wait at home.  
Wash up before you go!

Hands, face—aye! heart and mind,  
Wash up before you go!  
Leave business cares behind;  
In soapsuds let them flow!

That frown, that ugly scowl,  
Don't take that with you! No,  
Leave that upon the tow'l—  
Wash up before you go!

## THE CHILDLESS WOMAN

WHEN I was but a little tot  
And wore a checkered pinafore,  
I mothered baby-dolls a lot;

So did my playmate, Emmy Moore.  
And yet her brood of make-believes  
Was not to be compared with mine—  
In all the scenes that memory weaves  
Still fresh and fair their faces shine!

I was the prouder mother then,  
And, likely, dreamed more dreams than  
she,  
But all my dreams are "might-have-been,"  
While all of hers have come to be.  
We've both been mated many a year,  
And both our heads are growing gray,  
But childless now I linger here  
And watch her seven out at play.

It cannot be that He who put  
The mother-yearning in my soul  
Designed forevermore to shut  
The gleaming gateway of its goal.

I sometimes think if, quite resigned,  
I envy not my playmate's seven,  
My dolls, transfigured, I shall find  
Within the nurseries of Heaven!

## IN A SLEEPER, 10 A.M.

LAZY lady, languid loiterer,  
Lying late in "Lower 9,"  
You are apt to curse with goitre, or  
Something worse, this neck of mine,  
Rubbering, rubbering, as I do,  
Here across the aisle from you.

We, your curious fellow-travelers,  
Left our berths long hours ago;  
And we sit here—caustic cavilers—  
Wondering why you are so slow.  
Now and then the porter, too,  
Casts an ebon frown at you.

. . . . .

One thing surely very certain is—  
Aye! as plain as any pike—  
That behind that dark green curtain is  
Some one very lady-like.  
Still I'm prophesying through  
Nothing but that dainty shoe.

Lazy lady! Won't you hurry now?  
Time is flying on to noon.  
It's for me to start to worry now;  
We'll be at my station soon,  
And before my journey's through  
I would like a glimpse at you.

. . . . .  
Stirring now? Too late! Forever, ma'am,  
Faceless, formless unto me!  
Better so, perhaps, for never, ma'am,  
Could you measure up to be  
Half so lovely to the view,  
Half the queen I fancy you!



## DA WISA CHILD

ALL right, I know. All right, signor;  
Da same old question like bayfore!  
But you are not da only frand  
Dat com' to dees peanutta stand  
An' look me een da eye an' say:  
"Com'! why no gat married, eh?"  
To-day com' wan more wise dan you,  
Dat mebbe gona halp me, too.

Do you remembra long ago,  
W'en first you speaka to me so,  
How dat I mak' confess' to you  
Dere was two fina girls I knew,  
But dat I like dem both so wal  
Eet was too hard for me to tal  
Wheech wan be besta wife for me?  
Wan girl was Angela, and she  
Was jus' so pretta as can be;  
An' she could seeng so sweet eet mak'  
Your hearta jomp so like eet br'ak,  
But dat was all dat she could do.  
An' den dere was Carlotta, too,

Dat was da verra besta cook,  
But had no song or pretta look  
Like Angela, but steell was good  
For keep da house and carry wood.  
An' I was sad dat time, baycause  
I want a wife, but steell da laws  
Dey would not lat me marry two—  
So w'at da deuce I gona do?

An' you—you had no word to say;  
But here to me ees com' to-day  
A leetla girl, good frand o' mine,  
Dat's only eight year old, or nine,  
But verra mooch more wise dan you.  
An' w'at you s'pose she tal me do?

“Tak' Angela!” she say. “Why not?  
Den both of you could pay Carlot'  
To carry wood an' cooka too,  
An' justa keep da house for you.”

## PITY THE POOR POET

THE poet burns, the whole night  
through,  
His "midnight oil," to weave a few  
Fresh-fashioned stanzas, grave or gay,  
Which in the public prints next day  
May earn a word of praise from you.

'Tis not an easy thing to do,  
When thoughts go lame and rhymes  
askew;  
So, many an imperfect lay  
The poet burns.

Small wonder if, for cheer, he brew  
That "bracer" (this may be untrue;  
I only quote what people say)  
Which once drove carking care away  
And brought such inspiration to  
The poet Burns.

## TO IGNACE PADEREWSKI

("I have to speak about a country which is not yours in a language which is not mine."—*Opening words of Paderewski before playing for the Polish Victims' Relief Fund.*)

NOT yours? The softly spoken word  
Whose simple native pathos stirred—  
As surely as the melodies  
You drew divinely from the keys—  
The deeps of every soul that heard?  
The faltering tongue, the practiced hand,  
Whiche'er you use, great-hearted Pole!  
You speak what all can understand—  
The Language of the Soul.

Not ours? This land of which you tell,  
Where Kosciusko fought and fell,  
And now a tortured nation stands,  
With streaming eyes and empty hands,  
Heroic in the face of hell?  
Not yours alone this holy ground;  
Of one great whole it is a part—  
What hills, what sundering seas shall bound  
The Country of the Heart?

## RUBICAM ROAD

W HERE, in all the wide world, is the  
loveliest street?

There are millions of roads trod by billions of  
feet,

And the question, if asked of each traveler you  
meet,

Will produce a reply of a different mode.

There are many in this unregenerate day

Who will speak for "Fifth avenue," aye, or  
"Broadway,"

But the fortunate few who are wiser will say:  
"It is Rubicam Road!"

O! then sneer, if you will, and make game of  
our claim;

Aye! and have your rude fling at the old-  
fashioned name

And the rural aroma that clings to the same.

Yet no beauty so rare ever glimmered and  
glowed

From the lamps of the tall-towered towns of  
the world,

Upon streets where humanity jostled and  
    swirled,  
As the beauty that's daily and nightly unfurled  
    Over Rubicam Road.

Here's a street of the city, yet skirting a wood  
Where the town's brazen clamors but seldom  
    intrude;  
"Rus in urbe," indeed with all graces imbued  
    That old Horace himself might have shrined  
    in an ode!  
For the shadows are coolest, the sun is most  
    bright,  
The queen moon and the stars shed the kind-  
    liest light,  
And the peace is the sweetest that droppeth at  
    night  
    Over Rubicam Road.

You will never believe it, and yet it is true!  
I can prove it to you, sir—and you, sir—and  
    you!  
You have only to go there and do as I do.  
    You have simply to go and take up your  
    abode—

Be the latter as humble and plain as it may—  
Where Her kiss in the morning that speeds  
    you away  
Will be drawing you back, at the close of the  
    day,  
    Into Rubicam Road.

## TO A BEREAVED MOTHER

O H, say not that your little son is dead;  
The word too harsh and much too  
hopeless seems,  
Believe, instead,  
That he has left his little trundle bed  
To climb the hills  
Of morning, and to share the joy that fills  
God's pleasant land of dreams.

Nay, say not that your little son is dead.  
It is not right, because it is not true.  
Believe, instead,  
He has but gone the way that you must tread,  
And, smiling, waits  
In loving ambush by those pearly gates,  
To laugh and leap at you.

No knight that does you service can be dead,  
Nor idle is this young knight gone before.



Believe, instead,  
Upon an envoy's mission he hath sped  
That doth import  
Your greatest good; for he at heaven's court  
Is your ambassador.

## FOR OLD LOVERS

THE sap is bubbling in the tree,  
The pink buds herald spring.  
Yet winter holds for you and me  
One charm to which we cling.  
The April sun grows warm by noon,  
Its daylight skies are bright;  
But the cool evenings bring the boon  
Of a wood fire at night.

The greening sod of April days  
Is lovely to the eye,  
But firmer, lovelier turf is May's  
And kindlier glows the sky.  
Let striplings to the greenwood go  
For April's chill delight,  
But we two still shall bless the glow  
Of a wood fire at night.

## THE LOVE-SONG

YOU often hear me speak of Joe,  
Da barber—Joe Baruccio?  
An' Giacomo Soldini? He  
Ees fruita merchant lika me.

Wal, dey are love da sama signorina.  
Dees fallow from da barber shop  
He use' for seeng weeth Granda Op',  
An' Giacomo, he ees so slow  
He was no good at all w'en Joe  
Would seeng to her an' play da mando-  
lina.

“Maria mia! days are long  
(So made dees fallow Joe hees song),  
Baycause dey keepa me so far  
From where you are, O! brighta star,  
Maria mia!”

An' Giacomo, w'at could he do?  
He jus' would say w'en Joe was through:  
“Me, too, Maria!”

Dees Joe he deed not care at all,  
W'en he would go to mak' hees call,  
Eef Giacomo was also near;  
He was so proud he deed not fear  
    Dat anny wan could steal dat signorina.  
Deed he not have da sweeta voice  
For mak' da female heart rejoice?  
But ah! Maria, deed she care  
Dat annybody else was dere  
    To hear heem seeng an' play da mando-  
    lina?

“ Maria mia! eet ees wrong  
(So made dees Joe wan night hees song)  
To waste your time weeth two or three  
W'en you could be alone weeth me,  
    Maria mia!”  
Poor Giacomo! w'at could he do?  
He jus' could say w'en Joe was through:  
    “ Me, too, Maria!”

Maria laugh an' shak' her head;  
Her eye ees bright, her cheek ees red.  
An' when she rise up from her chair  
An' stan bayfore dose lovers dere,  
    You nevva see so pretta signorina.

“ We wasta time,” she say, “ too long;  
So now I, too, weell seeng a song;  
An’ deesa song dat I weell seeng  
Eet ees so verra leetla theeng  
I weell not need at all da mandolina:

“ ‘ Maria mia!’ so you seeng,  
But lova-song ain’t everatheeng!  
So, Joe, good-night! But you—O! stay,  
My Giacomo, dat jus’ can say:  
‘ Me, too, Maria!’ ”  
Ah! Giacomo, w’at could he do?  
He jus’ could say, w’en she was through:  
“ Me? O! Maria!”

## WHEN THE MISSUS COOKS

OUR Ellen is an honest cook, though over-  
fond of salt;  
And having mentioned that I've named her  
one important fault.  
She's prompt enough with breakfast and her  
coffee's always good,  
And the Missus says she's never very waste-  
ful of the food.  
I understand her luncheons are as fine as they  
can be,  
Though, of course, that's merely hearsay, for  
they're seldom served to me.  
But though her Sunday dinner is her master-  
piece, no doubt,  
My fancy flies to Thursday, which is Ellen's  
"avenin'" out.

Ah! then the household Juno, stepping down  
to charm her Jove,  
The finest cook in all the world is at the  
kitchen stove.

I've had my share of costly fare that makes  
the waistcoats swell,  
And I am one that's prone to dine not wisely,  
but too well;  
I've sampled all the table d'hôtes and à la  
cartes on earth,  
I've tasted all the banquets and I know just  
what they're worth,  
But when I yearn to stuff myself to apoplectic  
gout,  
My fancy flies to Thursday, which is Ellen's  
"avenin' " out.

## RICHES

IF we are poor and do not know  
The numerous delights that flow  
From horns of plenty choked with gold,  
We lack as well the cares untold  
That hand in hand with riches go.

We have our home wherein, although  
The outer world be white with snow,  
We keep our hearts from growing cold,  
If we *are* poor.

We can't go in for pomp and show,  
But here are She and I, and O!  
That dimpled little One-year-old!  
Love's riches here are manifold.  
Dear Lord, we pray Thee keep us so,  
If *we* are poor.



## SINGLE PHILOSOPHY

**A**LLA time you say, "Why don't you marry?"

Now, I gona speaka plain to you:  
I won't nevva marry; no, sir, nevva!  
For eet ees not healthy theeng to do.

How I know? Signor, eet's verra seemple.

I been single fallow all my life,  
An' so long I'm strong an' wal an' happy  
W'ata for I bother weeth a wife?

I ain't mak' so moocha playnta money,  
Steell I gotta 'nough for all I need,  
An' I don'ta want no woman bossa  
Keeckin' at mos' evra theeng I deed.  
Eh? You theenk som' time I weesh be married?

Sure! jus' once dat weesh ees com' to me.  
Lasta month I gat som' kinda fever,  
An' I am so seeck as I can be.  
Eet ees pretta tough for single fallow  
W'en he's feelin' verra seeck een bed,

An' he would be glad eef som' good woman  
Lay her softa hand upon hees head.  
My! I felt so bad, signor, I tal you—  
Eet's da truth I speak, you bat my life!—  
Eef mos' anny woman com' an' ask me  
I would tak' her den for be my wife!

Wat? O! no, I'm stronga now an' better—  
Eh? I am su'prise' you cannot see;  
Only w'en I'm seeck I theenk for marry,  
So eet ees not healthy thing for me.

## THE ACE TO HIS QUEEN

**M**Y biplane, taking  
The faint light breaking  
Through pink clouds, foamy  
Where dawn comes creeping,  
Swings 'round through Heaven,  
Times seven-times-seven—  
A heaven duller  
Of warmth and color  
Than that below me  
Where thou art sleeping!

A sky-hung warden,  
Above thy garden,  
In circles swinging  
Times out of number,  
I await the hour  
Of dawn's full flower,  
When, sinking nearer  
That Heaven so dearer,  
My motor's singing  
Shall break thy slumber.

My motor's humming  
Shall tell my coming,  
    Ere thou canst even  
        My form discover;  
Oh, then, my lady!  
Be up and ready,  
And, while Time lingers,  
With kiss on fingers,  
    Lean out from Heaven  
        And pay thy lover!

## THE CAGED BIRD

**G**IACOMO SARPATTI, lasta spreeng,  
Catcha seengin' bird upon a bush;  
Freckles on da breast an' browna wing—

How you call een Anglaice langwadge?

“Thrush?”

Een Italia “tordo” ees da word;

Eet ees verra pretta seengin' bird.

Wal, he maka fina cage for eet,

An' eet's een hees yard all summer long;

Early evra morn eet seenga sweet,

Sweeta, too, da evenings weeth eets song.

“Ah!” he say, “so long my bird ees seeng,

Alla time for me eet ees da spreeng.”

“W'en da weenter com',” say Giacomo,

“Een my warma keetchen I no care;

I weell nevva mind da frost an' snow,

For my bird weell maka summer dere.

Pretta soon I gona tak' heem een;

Jus' so soon da colda nights baygeen.”

But he wait, dees Giacomo, too long!

Out dere een da yard hees bird could see  
Manny theengs dat mak' heem stop hees  
song;

He could see all othra birds dat's free  
Flyin' down da sky eento da Sout',  
An' dere was no music een hees mout'.

Een da yard I see da cage to-day,

But dere ees no bird een eet no more!

"W'at ees dees?" I ask heem, an' he say:

"O! I jus' forgot to shut da door."

W'en I laugh, he growl an' tal me: "Hal!

I know justa how eet feel mysal'."

## CIDER

LAS' night Frost wuz purt' nigh here;  
Seen his tracks at break o' day.  
Ole Mount Poke stands out real clear,  
Though he's eighteen mile away.  
Flapjacks tasted comfortin',  
Coffee never drunk so good;  
Sure signs winter's settin' in  
Round about this neighborhood.  
Yet this wagon I'm a-drivin'  
Down the holler, up the hill,  
Holds a load o' things thet's hivin'  
Most o' summer's honey still;  
Thar'll be two, three bar'ls to fill—  
Mebbe more—when we're arrivin'  
At the Cider Mill.

Apples fine, but nothin' like  
Old times. Seems ter me somehow  
When I was a little tike  
They wuz plentif'ler than now;  
Sweeter, too, they wuz, them days,  
An' the new juice of 'em went

Slicker down my throat. Leastways  
Thar wuz somethin' different,  
Winesap, Spy, Bellflower an' Pippin,  
All as one then to my tongue;  
Long as thar wuz honey drippin'  
From press-spout or bar'l bung  
I jes' clung an' sucked an' clung,  
Sipped an' sipped an' kept on sippin'—  
Thet's when I wuz young.

Sweets like thet hez lost their power.  
Nowadays I often say:  
"Sweet hain't sweet until it's sour,"  
Cider strikes me jest that way.  
Leastways here's a truth I hold  
From my own exper'encin':  
'Taint new cider, but the old,  
Gits ye feelin' young agin.  
Take yer fill o' fresh juice, sonny;  
I don't want a single drop.  
But when it gits actin' "funny,"  
Sizzin'-like an' bubblin' up,  
Like bees buzzin' in the cup,  
Leavin' stingers in the honey,  
Lemme have a sup!



## WISHES

SOM'TIMES, w'en beezaness ees bad  
An' I am sad,  
I weesh I was not born at all,  
Or dat I could be w'at-you-call  
A "domb theeng," like a stona wall;  
Dat cannot speak or see or hear,  
Or hope or fear!

I s'pose, my frand, you nevva gat  
So bad as dat;  
I s'pose, baycause you do so wal,  
You always weesh to be yoursal'.  
You nevva say, like me, "O! hal!  
I am no good; I weesh I might  
Drop outa sight!"

Mos' times I weesh dat I could be  
Som' kind of tree;  
For I could be alive an' steell  
Not have to work for evra meal,  
An' weenter cold I would not feel—  
An' I could mak' more pleasure, too,  
Dan now I do.

All summer, cool would be da shade  
My branches made  
With greena leaves dat I would wear,  
An' birds would com' an' seenga dere.  
Den een da fall, w'en I was bare,  
I would not have to do a theeng  
But sleep teell spreeng!

## IN PRAISE OF SCRAPPLE

OUT upon your gibes ironic!  
You who've never known the tonic  
Toothsomeness of savory scrapple  
Dare to judge it? Well, I never!  
When no morsel of it ever  
Greased your graceless Adam's apple.

When the northwest wind is blowing,  
Sharp enough for frost or snowing,  
And the days of muggy weather  
Have departed altogether,  
All our husbandmen are getting  
Butcher knives laid out for whetting,  
And some morning with the dawn  
Comes the porcine slaughter on.  
Let's not morbidly be dealing  
With the scuffling and the squealing,  
But, the gruesome parts deleting,  
Get us to the joys of eating.  
Well, then, when hog-killing's through  
This is what the housewives do:

Clean a pig's head, nicely, neatly,  
Boil till meat leaves bones completely.  
When it's cold remove all greases,  
Chop meat into little pieces;  
Put the liquor and the meat  
Back again upon the heat,  
Slowly stirring cornmeal in  
Till it is no longer thin.  
Pepper, salt and sage they bring  
For its proper seasoning.  
When the mess is thick and hot  
It is lifted from the pot,  
Poured then into pans to mold  
And so left until it's cold.  
So ends Chapter I.

The sequel

Is a breakfast without equal!

Come! it is a nippy morning,  
Frosty lace, the panes adorning,  
Takes the sun from many angles  
And the windows glow with spangles.  
From the kitchen range are rising  
Odors richly appetizing;

Paradise is in the skillet,  
For the scrapple slices fill it,  
And each flour-encrusted piece  
Smiling in its fragrant grease  
Takes a coat of golden tan  
From the ardor of the pan.  
Crisp and brown the outer crust, oh!  
Food to rouse the gourmand's gusto  
From your platter gives you greeting;  
Truly this is royal eating!

Out upon your gibes ironic!  
You who've never known the tonic  
Toothsomeness of savory scrapple,  
Dare to judge it? Well, I never!  
May no morsel of it ever  
Grease your graceless Adam's apple!

## PLEASURES OF THE POOR

O H, what I like's a touring car,  
A comfy, headache-curing car,  
A wholly reassuring car

That takes you from your door,  
And whirls you through proximity  
To absolute sublimity,  
With perfect equanimity,

A hundred miles or more;  
That whisks you through the scenery,  
Of wooded slope and greenery,  
And drops you at a beanery

Where millionaires are fed;  
Then out into the night again  
To storm a fairy height again,  
And revel in the flight again,

Before it's home to bed.  
Oh, then, in kneeling attitude,  
With many a pious platitude  
I raise a prayer of gratitude

For friends more rich than I.

Such motoring! I'll say for it  
I'm ready any day for it,  
Since I don't have to pay for it—  
The best of reasons why!

## THE FAT MAN YEARNS

THOUGH I've had my share of the pleasure that men in a lifetime taste,  
And my chin is of double measure, and I'm  
rather thick in the waist,  
There's a joy Time cannot smother—though  
the years have laid it away—  
It was lugging the basket for mother, on the  
Saturday market day.

On a frosty morn in December, with the holidays near at hand,  
'Oh, the market that I remember was a regular  
fairyland!  
When the boisterous winds were icy and eager  
to nip the nose,  
All the odors about were spicy, and each cabbage became a rose;  
And the things that are often dull, or but commonplace things to see,  
Were a perfect riot of color and light and  
beauty to me,



As we stopped at one or another of the stalls  
that were on our way,  
When I carried the basket for mother on the  
Saturday market day.

Oh! I didn't growl at the number or weight  
of the things I bore,  
For I knew that I'd soon encumber my ribs  
with their share—or more;  
That the sausage and sirloin and scrapple and  
other rich morsels would throng  
On the heels of the juicy red apple I munched  
as I shuffled along.  
But if now I could once be repeating that  
long-vanished journey of joy—  
Though I'm fond, just as fond of good eating  
as ever I was as a boy—  
I would let my old appetite smother, and take  
but a kiss for my pay,  
Could I carry the basket for mother on next  
Saturday market day!

## DA LEETLA DOCTOR

W'EN I am beeg," says he—  
Dat leetla keed of mine—  
"Gran' doctor I weell be,  
An' Oh, so smart an' fine  
You weell be proud of me;  
W'en I am beeg," says he.

"You beeg enough," she say—  
Hees madre, dat's my wife—  
"I like you deesa way;  
Eef only all your life  
Like deesa you could stay!  
You beeg enough," she say.

"You are too beeg," I cry.  
"You crowd your madre's heart,  
Eef you grow more, oh my!  
You bust eet all apart!  
No room dere now have I;  
You are too beeg," I cry.

“W'en I am beeg,” says he,

“I feex all dat for you.

Eef hearts can bust, you see

Dey can be menda, too!

Gran' doctor I weell be

W'en I am beeg,” says he.

## A SONG FOR NOVEMBER

A GRAY old hag, in cloak and hood  
Of somber gray,  
Gleaning gray twigs and bits of wood  
At close of day,  
November creeps across the land.  
Yet magic gifts are in her hand--  
Her fagots cold need but a spark  
And hearth-stone room,  
And warmth of June from out the dark  
Will burst to bloom.

Of foster-mothers tenderest,  
Close-harboring  
Earth's sleeping seeds within her breast  
Until the spring,  
Let gray November clasp the land.  
Yet from her lean but kindly hand  
Let us, dear heart, her fagots take,  
And on this stone  
A warm and cheery June-time make;  
Our own, our own!

## TO A SANDWICHMAN

**I**N languid, after-luncheon mood,  
To-day I watched you in the throng.  
My mild, appraising eye pursued  
The crude incitements unto food  
Upon the signs you bore along.

“Big Oyster Stews” and “Six Large  
Raw”

And “Pepper-hash and Crackers Free”  
Upon your swaying signs I saw,  
And marveled that your drooping jaw  
So lean and lantern-like should be.

Ah! brother, when the evening bell  
Rings curfew to this toil of thine,  
I hope one stew, warm, rich of smell  
And grateful to the tongue, may dwell  
Betwixt thy wishbone and thy spine!

## FIRESIDE DREAMS

**A**N old colonial fire-place!  
What memories cling around it!  
Such quaint carved frame, such hallowed  
stone,  
I'd often dreamed that I might own,  
And now at last I've found it.

It graced a sporting squire's hall—  
Those pegs once held his rifle—  
Long years before the sordid clown,  
Who bought the mansion, tore it down  
And sold this for a trifle.

He was, in truth, a sordid wretch  
This clod who took my money.  
"I wonder why folks get so daft  
About such junk," he said and laughed,  
As though he thought it funny.

Poor wretch, indeed! What soul had he  
To conjure up the spirit

Of kindly cheer and olden grace  
That once endowed that fire-place,  
And still is hovering near it?

But I, who've starved in rented flats,  
How could I help but love it?  
And so I've stored my prize away  
Against the coming of that day  
When I'll be master of it.

And you, my friends, you, too, shall bless  
The happy day I found it,  
For I'll invite you all to call  
As soon as I've the wherewithal  
To build a house around it.

## SINCE PATSY SHAY'S A SCOUT

**I** USETER run wit' Patsy Shay  
W'en him an' I wuz small,  
But since he's got religion, say!  
He's proud as hellenall!  
Dey wuz a time w'en him an' I  
Wuz twins in dese here scenes,  
An' useter rob, an' cuss, an' lie,  
Like reg'lar human bein's.  
W'en him an' I wuz nine or so  
We owned de world, we did,  
But den somebody had ter go  
An' spoil de bloomin' kid;  
An' now he never chums wit' me  
Or shows up hereabout—  
Oh, things ain't like dey useter be  
Since Patsy Shay's a scout.

Four years ago, w'en we wuz eight,  
We up an' run away,  
An' watched a chanct ter hop a freight  
Ter see de U. S. A.



We made it up ter go out West—  
Where bears an' cowboys grew  
An' Indians an' all the rest—  
An' we'd of done it, too;  
But some one must of told a cop  
About our little game,  
Because he come an' made us stop—  
Gee! Wuzn' 'at a shame?  
We said w'en we wuz twelve we meant  
Ter go, wit'out a doubt,  
But now de time has came an' went—  
An' Patsy Shay's a scout!

I seen dis Patsy yisterd'y,  
A-marchin' past our court.  
An' hully chee! he seemed ter be  
A reg'lar Christian sport.  
A soldier hat wuz on 'is bean,  
An' big shoes on 'is feet  
An' all de fixin's in between  
Wuz fancy an' complete;  
A kid's-size suit o' army clo'es,  
A watch stuck on 'is wrist,  
A hankercher ter blow 'is nose—  
Oh, nothin' wuzn' missed.

He useter be my chum, but, say,  
De worl's toined inside out,  
An' now he seems so fur away  
Since Patsy Shay's a scout.

I wouldn' mind if some one come  
An' made me Christian, too.  
Dis life I lead is purty bum;  
I'm game fur som'pin new.  
I hear dese guys is out fur coin,  
An' if dey raise enough  
I guess a lot o' kids will join  
Dat onct wuz mighty tough.  
I ain't a-sayin' I'll be one;  
I'm twelve years old, yer see,  
An' I ain't on'y jist begun  
To feel me oats, b'chee!  
But if dey git some coin to spend  
An' want ter fit me out,  
I'll try ter be deir little friend—  
Since Patsy Shay's a scout.

## FORTISSIMO

**M**Y frand, you have been kind  
To me een manny way.  
You tal me I weell find  
Da gooda wife som' day;  
"Som' girl weell com' along,"  
You say, "an' smile on you—  
Dat's her!" But som'theeng's wrong;  
Eet ain'ta comin' true.

I am afraid I need  
Som' othra kind of sign  
Dat I can easy read  
An' know da girl ees mine.  
Eef only dere would be  
Som' seemple kind of treeck  
For know she's mash weeth me  
I sure would grab her queeck!

Eh? Sure, you bat my life!  
Dere's som' have smiled; but w'en  
I ask: "You be my wife?"  
Dey start to smile agen.

You theenk dat pleasa me  
An' mak' me glad an' proud?  
Ah! no, my frand; you see,  
Dey smile too blama loud!

## APPLYING THE SERMON

“O THE pastor’d a sermon was splendid  
this mornin’,”

Said Nora O’Hare,

“But there’s some in the parish that must  
have had warnin’

An’ worshiped elsewhere;

But wherever they were, if their ears wasn’t  
burnin’,

Troth, then, it is quare!”

“‘There are women,’ sez he, ‘an’ they’re here  
in this parish,

An’ plentiful, too,

Wid their noses so high an’ their manners  
so airish,

But virtues so few

’Tis a wonder they can’t see how much they  
resemble

The proud Pharisee.

Ye would think they’d look into their own  
souls an’ tremble

Such sinners to be.

Not at all! They believe themselves better  
than others,

An' give themselves airs

Till the pride o' them strangles all virtues,  
an' smothers

The good o' their prayers.'

"That's the way he wint at them, an', faith,  
it was splendid—

But wasted, I fear,

Wid the most o' the women for whom 'twas  
intended,

Not there for to hear.

An' thinks I to meself, walkin' home, what  
a pity

That Mary Ann Hayes

An' Cordelia McCann should be out o' the  
city

This day of all days.

"But, indeed, 'twas a glorious sermon this  
mornin',"

Said Nora O'Hare,

“Though I’m sorry that some o’ the parish  
had warnin’

An’ worshiped elsewhere;

But wherever they were, if their ears wasn’t  
burnin’,

Troth, then, it is quare!”

## ALONG THE WISSAHICKON

THE red and gold and silver haze  
Of early Indian summer days  
Along the Wissahickon!  
Dan Cupid, could there ever be  
A likelier place on land or sea  
Wherein to plan your Arcady  
And let your love plots thicken?  
There earliest stirred the feet of spring,  
There summer dreamed on drowsy wing!  
And autumn's glories longest cling  
Along the Wissahickon.

On winter nights ghost-music plays  
(The bells of long-forgotten sleighs)  
Along the Wissahickon,  
And many a silver-headed wight  
Who drove that pleasant road by night  
Sighs now for his old appetite  
For waffles hot and chicken.  
And grandmas now, who then were belles!



How many a placid bosom swells  
At thought of love's old charms and spells  
Along the Wissahickon.

You, Gloriana, you who know  
The word, low spoken long ago,  
Along the Wissahickon,  
The word that was the golden key  
To ope the gates of Arcady  
For one man. Come! and walk with me  
Where sweetest memories quicken,  
That once again the charms that brood  
Through all the sylvan solitude  
May bless the wooer and the wooed—  
Along the Wissahickon.

## DA POSTA-CARD FROM NAPOLI

SO, you gon' sail for Italy?  
Ah, fine!—W'at can you do for me?  
Oh, notheeng, please; I don'ta care—  
I weesh you joy while you are dere,  
An' I'll be glad for see you w'en  
Da sheep ees breeng you home agen—  
Eh? No! Oh, please don't sand to me  
No peecture-card from Napoli!

Oh, yes, wan time da letter-man  
Breeng soocha card to deesa stan';  
Eet was from gentleman like you  
Dat wanted to be kinda, too.  
Eet showed da town, da bay—but, oh,  
I deed not need; so wal I know!  
Ah! no, please don'ta sand to me  
No peecture-card from Napoli.

Oh, wal, Signor, you are so kind,  
So good to me, I would no mind  
Eef you would send me wan from Rome.  
Eh? Rome? No, dat ees not my home.

Deed I not joost esplain to you  
I weell no care w'at else you do  
So long you don'ta sand to me  
No peecture-card from Napoli?

## SONG OF THE SCUTTLE

(After Eugene Field)

O H, ye who are fond of music (and some  
of you may recall  
Field's "clink of the ice in the pitcher the boy  
brings up the hall"),  
I challenge ye all to name me a song of a  
rarer tone  
Than here in my cozy kitchen I know for my  
very own.  
I grant you your harps or fiddles, your sym-  
phony bands or jazz,  
Or the latest vocalization that Gluck or Mc-  
Cormack has;  
You may take 'em for me and welcome, for  
nothing on earth compares  
With the rattle of coal in the scuttle that Mom  
drags up the stairs!

A helpless creature is Mother. She bothers  
me quite a bit  
And routs me out of the comfy chair in the  
kitchen where I sit

To get her the tallow candle from its place  
on the cellarway shelf—  
For Mother is thin and little and couldn't  
reach it herself—  
And then there's the trouble to light it. But  
when that trick is done  
And I settle back by the fire the reward of  
my labor's won,  
For up from the depths of the cellar ascends  
the sweetest of airs—  
'Tis the rattle of coal in the scuttle that Mom  
drags up the stairs.

The bucket in which she gathers the nuggets  
that may be found  
Along the tracks of the Reading emits but a  
wooden sound,  
And her day-long comings and goings I  
scarcely notice at all  
For her feet in wrappings of burlap go softly  
along the hall;  
But when in the winter twilight arises a  
treble clear  
It stirs me here in my corner to cock up a  
drowsy ear

To catch the delightful music so soothing to  
all my cares—

The rattle of coal in the scuttle that Mom  
drags up the stairs.

Time was, when the carbon nuggets were  
easy to get and keep,

The song of the brimful scuttle had a bass  
note full and deep,

But then Mom handled a shovel instead of  
a tablespoon,

And now there's a dwindling treble in the  
half-filled scuttle's tune.

Yet here by the kitchen fire, I dare you to  
name me a song

To play on my tender emotions and get to  
me half so strong

As the one that finds me drowsing, sprawled  
out on the kitchen chairs—

The rattle of coal in the scuttle that Mom  
drags up the stairs.

## IN FRANCE

*Sergeant Mack:*

WE'RE done wid the thransport. Thank  
Heaven we're here!

But wid all the sea-trampin' we've lately  
been havin',

Sure the feet on the end o' me pins are still  
queer,

An' I feel like a mule wid the string-halt  
an' spavin.

An' the scenes at the dock! Such a mur-  
therin' clatter;

There was ructions enough to be raisin'  
the dead!

I was proud of our outfit, but what was the  
matter

Wid Pete Malatest'? Was he out of his  
head?

*Corporal Aroni:*

Oh, Sarj', eet was funny. You know w'en  
we lan'

An' our fallows was movin' deir theengs  
on da dock,

We was watchin' dat smart engineer capitan  
Dat was bossin' da gang weeth da tackle  
an' block.

Malatest' he was wan dat was peecked for  
dat job,

An' I know he was tryin' for doin' hees  
best,

But you see he ees clumsiest kind of a slob,  
An' he alla time got een da way of da  
rest.

Den dat smart engineer, dat's so quiet bay-  
fore,

He joosta start een an' he swear lika hal.  
An' dees Pete Malatest', w'en de capitan  
swore,

He looked een hees face an' he lat out a  
yal;

An' he put hees two han's on da capitan's  
chest,

An' he smiled weetha joy. Den I hearda  
heem say:

"You are Meester Jeem Newell, I worked  
weeth out West;

I joost deed not know teell you swore dat  
ole way;



But so soon as you deed I was sure eet was  
you,

For I worked weetha you on da P. D. & Q!"  
Dey was railaroad men in Wyoming, you see!  
An' da capitan, too, was so pleased as could be,  
An' he shooka Pete's han'; an' Pete looka  
so please'

I thought he was sure gona geeve heem a  
keess.

But he said: "Eet was joosta like home w'en  
you swore—

Oh, Meester Jeem Newell, please do eet som'  
more!"

## THE TREASURE BOX

AH! here's the box! And there's his  
baby shoe;

And there his little christening robe and  
cap!

I mind that springtime Sunday long ago  
They brought him back and laid him in  
my lap.

He was a stirring youngster, and his feet  
Outgrew no shoes that weren't first out-  
worn.

I mind that day he ran out in the street,  
And it a bare twelve months since he was  
born.

'Twas flags was in it then, and fifes and  
drums;

A passing band of lads that fought with  
Spain.

Flags always called him so. \* \* \* How  
plainly comes

My last sight of him marching to the train!

And here's the box, with all his baby things;  
And here's another treasure it must hold—  
The last flag and his own! The flag that  
brings  
His glory home! O little star of gold!

## DA VOICE DA GERMANS MEESED

**G**IUSEPPE SCALABRELLA ees re-  
turna from da war,

An' soocha happy Dagoman you nevva see  
bayfore.

He tooka playnta hands weeth heem w'en  
first he start away,

But he ees only gotta wan for workin' weeth  
to-day.

He walked upon a coupla legs bayfore da war  
began,

But now he's gotta crutch-a-steeck for tak'  
da place of wan.

Giuseppe Scalabrella ees so glad as he can  
be;

You oughta hear da happy songs dat he ees  
seeng for me.

Giuseppe was a laborman dat use' for deeg  
da tranch

Bayfore he go weeth Oncla Sam for halp to  
save da French;

He was wan fina laborman bayfore he went  
to war,  
But now he sure ees nevva gona deega tranch  
no more.  
You theenk dat dees would mak' heem joost  
so sad as he could be—  
But you should hear da happy songs dat he  
ees seeng for me.

He nevva chirped bayfore, but now he don'ta  
do a theeng  
But seet aroun' da house an' seeng, an' seeng,  
an' seeng, an' seeng!  
“I tal you, Tony, how eet ees,” he say to me  
to-day;  
“Da firsta battle I am een dey shoot my hand  
away;  
An' w'en I was een hospital da time eet was  
so long,  
I could no read, an' so you see I busted eento  
song.  
I don'ta know da way eet com', but eet's so  
easy—See?”  
An' den you should a hear da happy songs  
he seeng for me!

“W'en I am wal agen,” he say, “dey said I  
could no fight,  
But steell I went for more—an' dat's da time  
I got eet right!  
Dey shoot me een da lefta leg—an look da  
way I am.  
But all da time een hospital I seeng my songs,  
by dam!  
An' evrabody com' an' say: ‘How wondra-  
ful ees he!’ ”  
An' den you shoulde hear da happy songs  
he seeng for me.

“An' joost bayfore dey sand me home, my  
capitan he said:  
‘I s'pose you theenk da way you're treemmed  
you might as wal be dead,  
But Oncla Sam ees feex eet so he gona find  
a trade  
For evra crippled soldier, so you need no be  
afraid;  
You no can deeg da tranch no more, but steell  
you should rayjoice  
Baycause dose damma Germans deed no  
shoot you een da voice!’ ”

Da 'Merican Caruso now, you see, I gona  
be!"

An' den you shoulda hear da happy songs he  
seeng for me.

## ROSA'S CURIOSITY

**M**Y frand, you like for buy a hat?  
Fine greena seelka wan I gat,  
Weeth redda, whita feathah een.  
So styleesh hat you nevva seen!  
Eh? No? Too bad! for eef you do,  
I sal eet pretta cheap to you.  
Where deed I gat? Wal, eef you pleass,  
I tal to you. Ees lika dees:

My Rosa—dat's my girl, you know—  
She alla time ees tease me so  
An' aska dees an' dat, for try  
An' guess w'at prasant I am buy  
For geeve to her on Chrees'mas Day;  
But alla time I laugh an' say:  
"No! No! eet ees su'prise for you,  
An' eet ees gona pleass you, too.  
I have eet bought an' put away  
For keep for you teell Chrees'mas Day."  
She stamp da foot an' say: "O! my,  
You tease me so yôu mak' me cry.



You are so mean as you can be  
Baycause you weell no tal to me."  
My frand, she coax so lika dat  
At las' I say: "Eet eesa hat!"  
O! den, my frand, for sure she cry,  
An' look so sad an' say: "O! why  
You tal me w'at eet gona be?  
I want eet be su'prise for me.  
You just are wan beeg, seelly theeng—  
Baysides, I theenk eet be a reeng."  
Ha! w'at you theenka dat, my frand?  
Dese girls ees hard for ondrastand.  
So, queeck I say: "Eet ees no true;  
I justa maka joke weeth you."  
So now, you see, I musta gat  
A reeng eenstead for deesa hat;  
An' den, how mooch she coax an' tease,  
I weell no tal her w'at eet ees.  
But here ees steell da hat! O! pleass,  
My frand, eef eet should be you meet  
Som'body walkin' on da street  
Dat look for buy da styleesh hat,  
I have da cheap wan he can gat.

## IN PRAISE OF ST. STEPHEN

HERE'S the feast o' St. Stephen,  
This Christmas Day's morrow,  
An' it's past all believin'  
The comfort I borrow  
At the thought of him there  
In the cold mornin' air,  
An' meself steppin' back to a world full o'  
sorrow.

For with all the soft beauty  
O' Christmas behind ye,  
When it's back to cold duty  
This day has consigned ye,  
Faith, there's need of the aid  
Of a saint unafraid  
To withstand the blue devils that's likely to  
find ye.

Tall and bright is the miter  
O' Stephen, the martyr;  
A knight and a fighter  
By Christ the Lord's charter.

And it's well if ye stand  
Within touch of his hand  
In a world that is given to traffic and barter.

Lucky you, if ye're wearin'  
This saint's nomenclature,  
For, belike, ye'll be sharin'  
His valorous nature;  
For there's none of his name  
In the pages o' fame  
That was anything less than a two-fisted  
crayture.

So upon this gray mornin',  
In hope o' receivin'  
His good help in the scornin',  
O' groanin' and grievin',  
Here's the ballad I raise  
In the merited praise  
Of the worshipful martyr and fighter, St.  
Stephen!

## DA PUP EEN DA SNOW

**D**EED you evra see Joy  
Gona wild weeth delight,  
Jus' so lika small boy  
W'en som' brighta new toy  
Mak's heem crazy excite'?  
You would know w'at I mean  
Eef you jus' coulda seen—  
Not so long time ago—  
How my leetla fat pup  
Ees first play een da snow.

O! I scream an' I roar  
An' so shaka weeth laughtra,  
Dat my sides dey are sore  
For mos' three-four days aftra.  
An' how mooch I would try,  
I no speak weeth sooch skeell  
I could put een your eye  
W'at ees fresh een mine steell:  
How dat leetla pup romp  
All aroun' da whole place,

How he bark, how he jomp  
An' fall down on hees face;  
How he fight, how he bite  
An' ees tumble aroun',  
Teell hees cover' weeth white  
Lik a leetla fat clown;  
W'at su'prise fill hees eyes  
W'en he see da flakes sail,  
How he bark at da skies,  
How he chasa hees tail.

O! I weesh I could show  
How ees looka, dat pup,  
How he puff an' he blow  
W'en hees leecked by da snow  
An' ees gotta geeve up.  
An' I sposa, no doubt,  
You would say I am fibbin'  
W'en I say hees tongue's out  
Lika yarda peenk ribbon—  
O! how mooch I would try,  
I no speak weeth sooch skeell  
I could put een your eye  
W'at's so fresh een mine steell.

But I weesh you had been  
Where you, too, coulda seen  
    W'at delighta me so—  
How my leetla fat pup  
    Ees first play een da snow!

## TO AN AUTHOR

LAST night at last I found a chance  
To dip into your new romance.  
The night was wild without, but fair  
This valley of my easy chair;  
As, with your book, I settled there  
Before the cheery grate,  
The clock struck eight.

I read the opening chapter through,  
And after that I never knew—  
Nor cared, indeed—how fared the night  
Beyond those borders of delight  
Wherein my spirit winged its flight;  
For other ears, not mine,  
The clock struck nine.

The while your book was in my hands  
My soul sojourned in other lands,  
But then, ah! then—I cannot tell  
Just what it was that broke the spell.  
Perhaps it was the book that fell—  
I woke, and, sakes alive!  
The clock struck five.

## ONE OF US

**H**E comes again! His rough-shod feet  
Familiar here, in field and street,  
Have led him back to tread once more  
The paths he knew before the war.  
The tasks that he takes up again  
Are humble now, as they were then;  
But, look you! on his swarthy brow  
There shines a new-won glory now.  
He craves no favor, makes no plea,  
But this his proper speech might be:

“I speak not Anglaice verra wal;  
But while I was away, een Hal,  
I deed som’ leetla theeng or two  
Dat made me mooch more lika you.  
Dere was a time you call me ‘Wop.’  
But now I ask you, please, to stop.  
My tongue ees Wop, but—God be thank’!—  
My hands an’ heart an’ soul ees Yank!”



## TO A RICH MAN

WHAT worries me and makes me blue  
May seem a little thing to you;  
But then, you see, you have a lot  
Of cash and bonds, perhaps a yacht—  
Your bills are paid, but mine are due.

You say you have your troubles, too;  
A jaded heart, a jaundiced view  
Of life? Thank heaven that is not  
What worries me!

My heart trips light, my wife's beats true;  
We pluck life's roses, not its rue.  
And so when next you ask me what  
My worries are, what cares I've got,  
I'll answer you with courage new:  
"What? Worries? Me?!"





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